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City on Fire



disaster

magic

fire

126 7 6

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

The amount of times that we had to practice "stop, drop, and roll" as children made me really think that being caught on fire was going to be a natural part of my life one day.

And today, it was.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



One birthday cake was all it took to burn down the better part of San Francisco. And it just so happened that it was /my/ cake.

Talk about luck.

I gather what few belongings I have left, trying my best to ignore the growing flame in the corner of my eye and the amount of smoke snaking through the charred remains of my kitchen. I can't leave without the necklace. I might as well die if I leave it to perish here.

Chapter 3 by Karapian



I mean seriously, I all wanted to do was celebrate my birthday, and since my dad's out of town (although, when ever has he been home), and my mother's been in the hospital (for a bout a week), I might as well make myself a cake, that'd be just such an awesome thing to do.

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And then the stove catches fire like an elephant jumping from a mouse.

Since this really wasn't my first experience with fire, it wasn't so frightening that the flames were 6 inches from my face, but the thought of getting grounded to the middle of a burnt stain that was my room and having to stay here? Now that's frightening.

I take my phone, wallet, and anything else I found significant and stuff them into my pockets. Then sprinted up the steps and into my room to find a couple of clean clothes, and find my backpack, dump whatever useless crap that was in that dirtbag and shove my importants down as neatly as possible. I climb out the window, only to remember I was still on the 2nd floor.

I come down with a hard landing, only to be saved by some prickly-ass bush, which really wasn't that helpful if you ask me. I pull myself off and run down the street, trying to get as far from the house as I possibly could.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



The necklace is tucked safely in my pocket as I run, and that makes me feel a bit better. I could never leave mom's necklace behind.

I'm sure someone has already alerted the fire department to the current dilemma, so I don't bother withdrawing my own phone. I mean, yeah, they'll probably be concerned that I'm still in there, and I feel bad about that, but there's more important business to attend to.

Now in a darkened clearing in the local park, I grip the necklace in my left hand, and begin to pray. Already, its magic begins to consume me...

Chapter 5 by BluNerd



A man silhouetted against the fire stands idly, looking at me. He falls to his knees, and he appears to melt as soon as he hits the ground. His crumpled shape melts like the Wicked Witch of the West. The flames suddenly burn green.

I wake up, exactly as I was when I fell into the trance. But the city isn't the same as I left it. I'm surrounded by large, curling flames that seem to be laughing at me, like they were laughing at me because they knew I was in trouble.

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